

Laughter.

Do we, as a rule, laugh enough? Is there not too much beefsteak and too little gravy for salutary digestion in the every day consumption of brain food? Is there spice enough to season the standing dish of drudgery? There is a service to a chaste laugh, and its relation to physical comfort is noteworthy. Our emotions are the plaything of our surroundings, and the graces we would cultivate can never be perfected in an atmosphere that is not cordial. The nightmare of disaster is ever disturbing new endeavors and cherished ventures; and, if it is to be dispelled, the handiest helper is the sunshine of mirth. To one who is in the maelstrom of cares or who is a galley-slave in the struggle to exist or on whose cast of dice is staked the gain or loss by living there is no force than can sustain as broad humor. Music has a power to lighten loads, relax bows, but a side-shaker seems to be quite as salutary to the weary ones in the market-place. A ditty travels to the springs of the feelings, but a neatly perpetrated pun makes the man of care take cheer as he toils. The mind that is lost to every appeal save the requisitions of his vocation needs to be switched off, and a handy way to do it is to tickle him.

A good story is told of Gov. Tom Bennett, who presided over the destinies of Idaho more than a decade ago. A member of the Legislature, who had been annoyed by his neighbor's hog, introduced a bill compelling the owner of the proscribed animal to keep him within the limits of a pen. The bill passed and went up to Governor Bennett for his approval. To the surprise of the members, and the chagrin of its sponsor, it was returned with his veto. When asked for a reason he exclaimed: "I don't believe in the bill in the first place, and, if I did, I wouldn't sign a bill that spelled hog with a big H, and Governor with a little G."

It is refreshing to meet an instance of real, practical, genial humanity. A Boston minister had occasion the other day to visit a very poor family. He was surprised on tapping at the door to be answered by Dr. Phillips Brooks with a baby in his arms. The fact was that the woman had been very ill and sorely needed fresh air, but had no one with whom to leave her baby. The brilliant Boston preacher found her out, gave her tickets for a train ride and was tenderly tending the tiny baby while she enjoyed it. Dr. Brooks is a very big man, and has no baby of his own. We are glad he could have so good a time.

The strongest wood in the United States, according to Prof. Sargent, is that of the nutmeg hickory of the Arkansas region, and the weakest the West Indian birch. The most elastic is the tamarack, the white or shell back hickory ranking far below it. The least elastic, and the lowest in specific gravity, is the wood of the *Tleus aurea*. The wood having the highest specific gravity, upon which the value as fuel in general depends, is the bluewood of Texas.

If I pierce the shoot of a plant with the finest needle, the prick forms a knot which grows with the leaf, becomes harder and harder, and prevents it from obtaining its perfectly complete form. Something similar takes place after wounds which touch the tender germ of the human soul and injure the heart-leaves of its being. Therefore you must keep holy the being of the child; protect it from every rough and rude impression, from every touch of the vulgar. A gesture, a look, a sound is often sufficient to inflict such wounds. The child is more tender than the finest or tenderest plant. It would have been far different with humanity if every individual in it had been protected in that tenderest age as befitted the human soul, which holds within itself the divine spark.

The advantage of coming to Christ in youth is like the advantage of receiving a thorough education in the earlier years of life. It adds something to the spiritual equipment of the man, which he can never acquire later in life. There is a certain lack of moral refinement, a coarseness of fibre and texture, about the man who has grown up unregenerate, which no spiritual devotion in after life can quite make good. The life pure from infancy, harmoniously developed from the beginning, has a charm, a sweetness, a sort of melodious consistency, that can be acquired in no other way. That this should be so, is in accordance with all the laws of development. It is simply one instance of the working of natural law in the spiritual world.

Samoan Houses.

George Turner describes a native Samoan house as a gigantic beehive, thirty-five feet in diameter, a hundred in circumference, and raised from the ground by a number of short posts at intervals of four feet from each other all around. The spaces between these posts, which may be called open doors or windows all round the house, are shut in at night by roughly plaited coconut leaf blinds.

The floor is raised six or eight inches with rough stones, then an upper layer of smooth pebbles, then some coconut leaf mats, and then a layer of finer matting. In the centre of the house there are two, sometimes three, posts, 20 feet long, sunk three feet into the ground, and extending to and supporting the ridgepole. These are the main props of the building.

The space between the rafters the natives fill up with what they call ribs, the wood of the bread-fruit tree, split up into small pieces, and joined together so as to form a long rod the thickness of the thumb running from the ridgepole down to the eaves. All are kept in their places, an inch and a half apart, by cross pieces made fast with sinnet, or rope made out of coconut fibre.

The thatch is laid on with great care and taste; the long, dry leaves of the sugar-cane are strung on to pieces of reed five feet long; they are made fast to the reed by overlapping the one end of the leaf, and pinning it with one rib of the coconut leaflet run through from leaf to leaf horizontally. The reeds thus fringed with the sugar-cane leaves hanging down three or four feet are laid on, beginning at the eaves and running up to the ridgepole, each one overlapping its fellow an inch or so, and made fast one by one with sinnet to the inside rafters.

Upwards of a hundred of these reeds of thatch are required for a single row running from the eaves to the ridgepole. Another is then made, and so on all round the house. Two, three or four thousand fringed reeds may be required for a good sized house. The thatching, if well done, lasts for seven years.

To select the sugar cane leaves and "sew" the ends on to the reeds is the work of the women. An active woman can sew fifty reeds in a day, and three men will put up and fasten to the roof of the house some five hundred in a day.

The great objection to the thatch is that in gales it stands up like a field of corn, and then the rain pours into the house.

What to Teach Boys.

A philosopher has said that true education to boys is to teach "them what they ought to know when they become men."

1. To be true and to be genuine. No education is worth anything that does not include this. A man had better not know how to read—he had better never learn a letter in the alphabet, and be true, genuine in intention and in action—rather than be learned in all sciences and in all languages, to be at the same time false in heart and counterfeit in life. Above all things teach the boys that truth is more than riches, more than earthly power or possessions.

2. To be pure in thought, language and life—pure in mind and in body.

3. To be unselfish. To care for the feelings and comfort of others. To be polite, to be just, in all dealings with others. To be generous, noble and manly. This will include a genuine reverence for the aged and for things sacred.

4. To be self-reliant and self-helpful even from childhood. To be industrious always and self-supporting at the earliest proper age. Teach them that all honest work is honorable, and that an idle life of dependence on others is disgraceful.

When a boy has learned these four things when he has made these ideas a part of his being—however poor, or however rich, he has learned the most important things he ought to know when he becomes a man.

ANTIDOTE FOR ANTS.—I tried several methods to prevent ants molesting bees, writes Prof. A. J. Cook, and found the following far the most satisfactory: By use of a crowbar make a hole in the middle of the anthill down to the bottom, which is easily found by the more open or less compact earth. Then insert this hole put a gill of bisulphide of carbon and fill and crowd down with earth. As the liquid is very volatile, and cannot pass out of the now compactly filled hole, it quickly evaporates and kills all the ants. If clay be near, always use this to crowd into the hole, as it is more impervious than is sand, though by firmly pressing with the foot the sand can be made to hold the liquid. Kerosene may be used instead of the carbon, but it is far less effective. So, too, of carbolic acid. By means of syrup, so covered by gauze that bees are excluded, the ants can be trapped in great numbers and destroyed. I have often done this, and by adding Paris green have poisoned the ants.

Household Hints.

When recipes call for a cupful it means just half a pint; this amount in granulated sugar weighs just half a pound.

Salt will curdle new milk; so in preparing custards or porridges the salt should not be added until the dish is prepared.

Red pepper pods or a few pieces of charcoal thrown into the pot in which onions, cabbages, etc., are being boiled will prevent the unpleasant odor.

Two tablespoonfuls of washing soda in a gallon of boiling water makes a good disinfectant for the kitchen sink. Pour it in at night, while it is still at boiling heat.

Tin pans can be prevented from rusting by heating them and rubbing well with linseed oil and heating again. Wood ashes or whiting (which is better) mixed with kerosene will brighten them.

Make a list, in the order in which you pack them, of the contents of your wooden chest, and paste it on the outside. Then the articles at the head of the list will be at the bottom of the box.

Dusty black cashmere should be sponged with equal parts of alcohol and ammonia, diluted with a little warm water. When pressing use a piece of alpaca or undressed cambric next the warm iron.

If ironed when damp, and pressed till dry, table linen takes a certain stiffness which is more permanent and less subject to creases than the stiffness of starch, which is also injurious to the fabric.

Lime and alkali stains may be removed from white goods by simply washing. In the case of colored goods and silks the goods should be moistened and citric acid, much diluted, applied with the finger.

Recently the leader of a Conference meeting took the occasion to say that the great stumbling-block in meetings of the same character is prolixity. If those who speak would come to the point at once, utter their particular word, and then give way to others, there would be a new interest. He was no sooner seated than one of the brothers arose and said that if the leader of the meeting "had not been so long in telling others to be short, there would have remained an opportunity for the others." By the clock the leader had taken twenty-six minutes to give his very wise advice, and to show his very bad example! When we are on our feet we do not know how rapidly the time passes. But those who listen always know.

Many persons are troubled about matters which are of no sort of interest to them, and are often perplexed when they should be happy. Of what real benefit would it be to us to know when the worlds around us were created, or why sin is suffered to exist? We see the world and we feel the effects of sin. It is enough for us. Dr. Payson said: "The Bible tells us that an enemy came and sowed tares. Now, if any man choose to go farther than this, and inquire where the enemy got the tares, he is welcome to do so; but I choose to leave it where the Bible leaves it. I do not wish to be wise above what is written."

A BEAUTIFUL IDEA.—That was a beautiful idea of the wife of an Irish schoolmaster, who while poor himself had given gratuitous instruction to poor scholars, but when increased in worldly wealth began to think that he could not give his services for nothing. "James, don't say the like of that," said the gentlehearted wife; "a poor scholar don't come into the house that I don't feel as if he brought fresh air from heaven. I never miss the bit I give him; my heart warms to the soft homely sound of his bare feet on the floor, and the door almost opens itself to let him in."

POISON.—A convenient way to poison rats and mice is to mix arsenic with melted tallow and cool it into a cake. Have the tallow merely melted, not hot, when the arsenic is put in.

WORTH REMEMBERING.—Blue ointment and kerosene mixed in equal proportions and applied to the bedsteads is an unfailing bedbug remedy.

A little tar on sheep's noses will protect them from the fly that lays the eggs that produces grub in the head.

Fault finding is a great enemy to beauty. About the mouth there is certain to come a cluster of lines to tell the world at large of the peevishness. It makes the eyes smaller, because they contract at the time, and the lips grow extremely sensitive from continual biting.

Citizen.—Don't you know, Ah Sin, that if you kill that enemy of yours you will be hanged? Ah Sin (vengeful laundryman)—No, Iallee lightee—I gottee money. I go to loonnee 'ay-um.

Being Obliging.

One day when little Arthur was making mud pies in the front yard, he heard some one call him. It was his Aunt Jane, who was standing on the front porch with a letter in her hand.

"Run across the street and put this letter in the box, Arthur, please," she said.

"No, I don't want to," answered Arthur, who did not like to be disturbed.

So Aunt Jane went across the street herself and mailed the letter.

Not long after this, Arthur's mother asked him to take a spool of silk to Aunt Jane who was upstairs.

"No, I don't want to," answered Arthur again.

His mother said nothing, but when she went upstairs herself with the silk she had a little talk with Aunt Jane about Arthur.

An hour later Arthur ran to Aunt Jane with a broken whip.

"Please mend this, Aunt Jane," he cried.

"No, I don't want to," said Aunt Jane, without looking up from her sewing.

Arthur seemed surprised for a moment, then hung his head and turned away.

When supper was over, Arthur carried a book of fairy tales to his mamma.

"Please read me a story, mamma," he said.

"No, I don't want to," said his mother, who was knitting.

Arthur's lip quivered, and his eyes were full of tears as he sat down on a cushion in a corner to look at pictures in the book.

But he forgot his troubles when his papa came in.

"O papa!" he said running to him: "please make me a whistle."

"No, I don't want to," said his papa.

This was too much for Arthur, and he burst into tears. But no one comforted him, and the nurse came and took him off to bed.

While she undressed him she told him that no one could love a little boy who never wanted to do favors, and if he were not ready to oblige others he must not expect others to oblige him. The next morning Aunt Jane came out again with a letter. As soon as Arthur saw her he left his mud cakes and ran to her.

"Let me put the letter in the box, Aunt Jane," he said.

Aunt Jane smiled and kissed him as she gave him the letter. She saw that Arthur had learned a good lesson, and he never again refused to do a favor.

"Make It Look Like One."

Ned had a watch, a very good one, though a little old-fashioned. There was one thing about it which displeased him; it was a key-winder, and all the rest of the boys carried stem-winders.

"Why, Ned," says his father "every jeweller says key-winders are the most reliable and durable. Besides, there is no such solid gold in any watch cases in your school."

Ned insisted, and his father consented for him to take it to the jeweller, and have a stem-winding attachment put in. He came back with a doubtful look on his face.

"Father, Mr. Smith says he can't change the watch to a stem-winder, but he can make it look just like one."

"And you told him no?"

"I—"

"Want your watch to lie? I want my boy to understand, if he never learns another lesson, the difference between seeming to be and being. And I want him to understand that the law of society is the contemptible people who are always trying to appear what they are not."—Guide.

Do not laugh at the drunken man reeling through the streets, however ludicrous the sight may be. He is going home to some tender heart that will throb with intense agony; some doting mother, perhaps, who will grieve over the downfall of her once sinless boy; or it may be a loving wife, whose heart will almost burst with grief as she views the destruction of her idol; or it may be a loving sister, who will shed bitter tears over the degradation of her brother, shorn of his manliness and self-respect. Rather drop a tear in silent sympathy with those hearts so keenly sensitive and tender, yet so proudly royal that they cannot accept sympathy tendered them either in word, look, or act, although it might fall upon their wounded and crushed hearts as the Summer dew upon the withering plant.

At what absurd trifles some women get angry. A female book agent, who had cornered a poor fellow, the other day, looked daggers when somebody sang out, "Man overboard!"

The proportion of genius to the vulgar is like one to a million; but genius without tyranny, without pretension, that judges the weak with equity, the superior with humanity, and equals with justice, is like one to ten millions.

What Others Say.

The Church Pest.

Baltimore Baptist.

Exactly so. He is out with his pastor, is he? That is a way he has. It is his normal condition to be out with his pastor. We have known of his conflicts with three or four pastors. He is immensely fond of them at first—fairly swallowed them whole—but as soon as a man crosses him, or as soon as he, in his infinite conceit, fancies that he has been slighted, then he makes terms with the Devil and goes to fighting the preacher. It is a sort of glory with him; it makes him feel very grand and important to have a quarrel with his pastor. He actually enjoys the notoriety of the thing, and then he has the malignity to push his contest to the bitter end. We loathe the spirit of such a man. He is the parent of discord and the leader in destruction. Why does not the little band combine and put the monster out? It ought to be done.

The Danger at the Door.

Chicago Christian Advocate.

There has been remarkable growth in our own Church of a sentiment in favor of spending a larger proportion of missionary funds at home. He is blind who does not see that the argument in favor of such a policy is cogent and unanswerable. Our cities are in growing danger. The recent election again showed that the foreign wards in New York City almost swayed the vote in the State of New York, and that State's vote almost swayed the decision of the nation. There can be no doubt that the home Churches must do more dutiful labor in behalf of the nation, both for the sake of souls and a pure franchise. After making due allowance for Christian duty, it is just to keep in mind that that which we do at home is of the nature of self-interest, and of the nature, too, of police self-protection.

Texas Christian Advocate.

An Episcopal minister of Louisiana is the occasion of both amusement and comfort to the Christian Observer:

The account from Louisiana of the Episcopal minister who used the Presbyterian Church at Alto, and then went home to write about the "Presbyterian building" and the Methodist or Baptist "edifice," and the "sectarians" who worship in them, and who are "ignorant of the Church," will afford amusement to many a reader. Noble men there are in the Episcopal Church, and a good work have they done for the Lord. But when a man at once accepts our hospitalities, and then turns around to unchurch us, we can afford to laugh. There is, however, one happy side to this. It is, that these assumptions are not a part of the historic inheritance of the Episcopal Church, but only a fungus outgrowth in the last few centuries.

It is a well known fact that the founders of the Episcopal church did not hold to the so-called "apostolical succession," and that Thos. Cranmer, the chief founder, passed with a single step from layman to Archbishop of Canterbury without passing through the intermediate orders of deacon and elder.

The Rocky Mountain Methodist explains the origin of "Christian Science." It is to the hoped it will run its course in this country so rapidly as to die in the beginning.

No one can have a right appreciation of duty who does not appreciate his own individuality. For himself, and by himself, a man must work his own work. But neither can a man rightly appreciate his individuality and his own work if he does not recognize his relativity. For others, and with others, a man must work the world's work. The past lives in us, the future must live through us. Truly did Webster say: "Those who do not look upon themselves as a link connecting the past with the future, do not perform their duty to the world." We can ignore neither our ancestors nor our posterity without ignoring ourselves.

S. S. Times.

Tenderness of spirit is a distinguishing characteristic of Christianity, and those persons who have little tenderness of spirit, are little Christians.

Husband—A word to the wise is sufficient, my dear.

Wife—I know it, darling. That's why I have to be continually and everlastingly talking to you.

The real horrors of war are playing out to the utmost on the hospital pallet when the theatrical business is all over.

"Mention money, and the world is silent." This writer trying not long since to raise money for a good object, he found it out himself; such silence on part of nice gentlemen, nice Christian gentlemen, nice rich Christian gentlemen.—Southern Churchman.

The proper place to rest your horse is on an eminence, where one minute will be worth two in a valley.

A Thought.

Back and forth across the woof of years,
The shuttle of each life the weaver throws
And here and there small bits, whence no one knows,
Link with the thread the mystic pattern weaving,
Then lose themselves amid the spools and
Which of the web are lights and shadows leaving.

We heed them not—those fragments interlacing
With ours some life that crossed our path
One day,
(So many seem the tangled threads that stray.)

'Till amazed we pause, some figure tracing
Thrown up in bold relief, and see and know
The thread whose worth we failed to understand,
But now whose wondrous beauty serves to show
The matchless wisdom of the Master Hand.

What Else Could be Expected?

SHANGHAI, September 23.—The Emperor and members of his council are understood to be debating the memorial demanding the expulsion of Americans from China. There is a strong agitation for an increase of restrictions on American merchants and missionaries at treaty ports.

What else but retaliation could sensible and sober congressmen have expected when they shut the door of immigration against the Chinese and left open doors to other classes of Europeans, many of whom are tenfold more offensive and dangerous than the Chinese?

The *Interior* has recently published a suggestive article on "How Shall we Keep the Confidence of our Children?" We commend the following: "There is, it seems to me, but one sure way to bring our children to confide in us the facts of their spiritual life, and that is to show them, by our daily walk and conversation, that we live lives sustained and cheered and helped and comforted by a power higher than ourselves; show them, by precept and example, that we desire that they also shall experience the reality of this religion which we profess, so that when the responsibilities and trials of life come to them they also may find the guidance and support and help which we have found. Children, who are convinced of the reality and the sufficiency of the religion professed by their parents to meet all the emergencies of life, will be the most likely to carry to their parents the story of their own spiritual struggles and perplexities, and to give them that most sacred confidence of life, the confidence of a soul struggling against temptation and sin for conformity to the likeness of Christ."

DANGER IN NEWLY BUILT HOUSES.

—There is too great haste in occupying a house after its completion. In many places there is such demand for dwellings and often business apartments, that, as soon as finished, they are occupied. This is especially true of small dwellings. There is more danger in this than is supposed. There is no health in dampness and mould under any circumstances, and in living apartments, where the tendency is toward poor ventilation, the dampness of newly finished houses contributes largely to ill-health. In the town of Basle, Switzerland, a regulation has been adopted which prevents newly built from being occupied until four months after completion. Under many circumstances, so long a time as above specified is not necessary, but it is often well to err on the side of safety. The size of the house, its location, surroundings, the material used, and the state of the weather enter into the consideration of the time necessary in which a building should become sufficiently dry for occupancy.

Scientific American.

Fires, storms, floods, wrecks on rail roads, disasters at sea, murders, suicides, elopements, base ball, robbing stage coaches and railway trains, defaults, stealing, acquittals and hangings, duels, prize fights are common and prominent items in the dailies. Earthquakes, volcanoes cloud bursts are less common but none the less indicative that the world is approaching a crisis. Whether that crisis is the end of all things time will tell and that too when the people "think not."

The three weeks meeting at Washington Street (Methodist) Church closed last Sunday night—and a gracious time it was to many of the vast crowd in attendance. It was the climax of a growing interest from the first of twenty one days and nights. The results in conversions are reported at 150 to 175 souls. Brother Leitch and Marshall left the city Monday.

Sufferers from the effects of quinine, used as a remedy for chills and fever, should try Ayer's Ague Cure. This preparation is a powerful tonic, wholly vegetable, and without a particle of any noxious drug. Warranted a sure cure.

Manning (S. C.) Academy was burned Sept. 27, at 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon.

Economy wisely directed is not only not stingy nor mean, but the thing that makes benevolence and generous giving possible.